

# NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

HOME OFFICE.

WHEN REFERRING TO  
POLICIES PLEASE QUOTE  
THEIR NUMBERS.

ACTUARIAL DEPARTMENT  
D. E. KILGOUR,  
ACTUARY.

TORONTO, CANADA.

July 23rd, 1917.

Miss Edith Kilgour,  
Glenmount,  
Lake of Bays,  
Ontario.

Dear Edith,

I am just in receipt of your letter along with Betty's enclosure for Sandy. Somehow Sandy's letters do not connect with the envelopes. I am quite certain that he has written one or two in the hope that somebody would gather them up and mail them, but so far he has been extremely unfortunate. I have already told him that if he is not more particular his lovemaking will get a jolt. I presume that you have had the relief (?) from the rainy weather. Yesterday was almost unbearably warm. Sarah and the baby undertook to come out to the farm, but asked for the Aviation Camp and were directed to the new place near Robin's estate, which is a couple of miles away. She afterwards asked for Mr. Kilgour's farm and was journeying eastwards to Leaside, when in despair she got hold of a policeman and finally arrived after a morning's sojourning in intense heat. Buddy was all in. I thought that both Sandy and I had given her sufficiently explicit instructions and one of us would have met her had we been certain of the time she was coming. However, she was sufficiently rested up and I prepared the dinner, consisting chiefly of beefsteak and fried potatoes. In the afternoon the little fellow ran around in his bare pelt and Sandy in his bathing suit, while I satisfied <sup>the law</sup> ~~them all~~ in my undersuit. Incidentally Sarah looked charming <sup>in</sup> ~~with~~ her bare feet and other Sabbath array.



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Sarah left about tea-time for church and I kept the two youngsters over-night. We all came in this morning about six o'clock as I had the misfortune of having to officiate as pall-bearer at an 8 o'clock funeral.

The arrangements of the farm are not half bad. Sandy comes <sup>both</sup> for an occasional meal and pilfers a number from the Websters. The rest he either gets himself or I get for him. I am trying, however, to maintain a fair ratio of exchange and have had Douglas Webster over-night once and for two or three meals. Sandy and another boy whom we have working more or less steadily drove down in the caravan for a couple of bales of hay and some other feed for the horse. They tied up behind the La Plaza Apartments while they both they their dinner.

I should like very much to slip up to Guelph some night but it ~~would~~ depend on how I can place Sandy. In this intense heat the flat is almost unbearable and I expect Sarah will keep the baby downstairs if he does not happen to be out with us. I hope father will have a thoroughly enjoyable time and that with decent weather you will all commence to enjoy yourselves more.

Tell Mary that the 'bike' is more or less out of the question in War times and that occasional ice-cream cones are more in line. Also I am sure that both Sandy and Buddy would like her to know that they are going with Sarah to the darkey <sup>Sunday School</sup> picnic over to Burlington Beach. Buddy especially does not want to let anyone get ahead of him. Tell Mary that the ice-cream money has got a lot of kisses for her and that I hope she is continuing to be a good girl.

With love to all,

E. Green